



ELSEWORLDS

ANNUAL



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Elseworlds.

In Elseworlds, heroes are taken from their usual settings and put into strange times and places—some that have existed, or might have existed, and others that can't, couldn't or shouldn't exist. This is one of them.

LEGACY

FAR BEYOND THE SHOULDER OF ORION A RED STAR SMOLDERED LIKE THE BALEFUL EYES OF SOME FORGOTTEN, ANGRY GOD.

NEARBY THAT STAR, A PLANET KNOWN TO ITS INHABITANTS AS KRYPTON MARKS OUT THE GREAT CELESTIAL ORBIT IT HAS DRAWN ACROSS THE HEAVENS FOR UNCOUNTED BILLIONS OF YEARS.

A ORBIT WHICH WILL END TODAY, IN THE SUDDEN, FERY DEATHS OF TWENTY MILLION SOULS.

THE MIGHTY PLANET TREMBLES LIKE A DEWDROP ON A LEAF. THE SOLID EARTH BUCKS AND RUPTURES, SPILLING MOLTEN LAVA LIKE CORRUPTED JUICES FROM SOME ROTTED FRUIT.

MIGHTY TOWERS TOPPLE, SCREAMS OF THE DYING ARE LOST IN THE GREATER AGONY OF THE WORLD ITSELF.

AND FROM THAT BLAZING, BURSTING WOMB A SINGLE LIFE IS HURLED INTO THE UNCARING COSMOS, SMALL AND SOLID—THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE DOOMED PLANET KRYPTON.

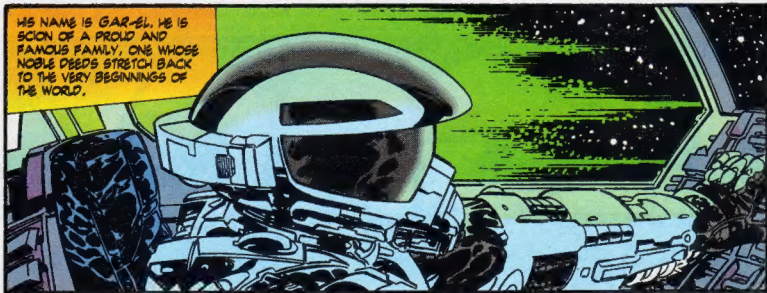


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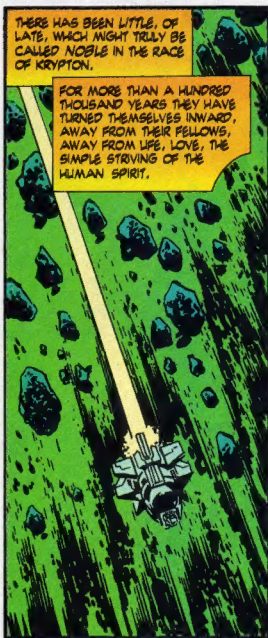
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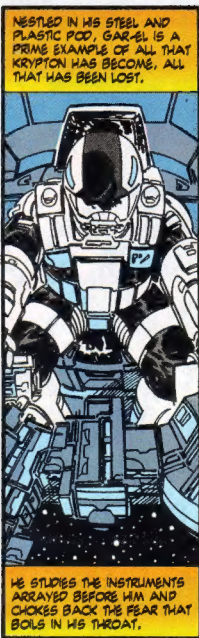


HIS NAME IS GAR-EL. HE IS SCION OF A PROUD AND FAMOUS FAMILY, ONE WHOSE NOBLE DEEDS STRETCH BACK TO THE VERY BEGINNINGS OF THE WORLD.



THERE HAS BEEN LITTLE, OF LATE, WHICH MIGHT TRULY BE CALLED NOBLE IN THE RACE OF KRYPTON.

FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS THEY HAVE TURNED THEMSELVES INWARD, AWAY FROM THEIR FELLOWS, AWAY FROM LIFE, LOVE, THE SIMPLE STRIVING OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.



NESTLED IN HIS STEEL AND PLASTIC POD, GAR-EL IS A PRIME EXAMPLE OF ALL THAT KRYPTON HAS BECOME. ALL THAT HAS BEEN LOST.

HE STUDIES THE INSTRUMENTS ARRAYED BEFORE HIM AND CHOKES BACK THE FEAR THAT BOILS IN HIS THROAT.



TRADITION HOLDS THAT FOR A KRYPTONIAN, LEAVING THE EMBRACE OF THE PLANET IS A CERTAIN DEATH SENTENCE.

ONLY ONE THING COULD HAVE COAXED GAR-EL INTO THE VOID, ONE THING TO HIM AN INCENTIVE GREATER EVEN THAN THE THREAT OF AGONIZING DEATH.

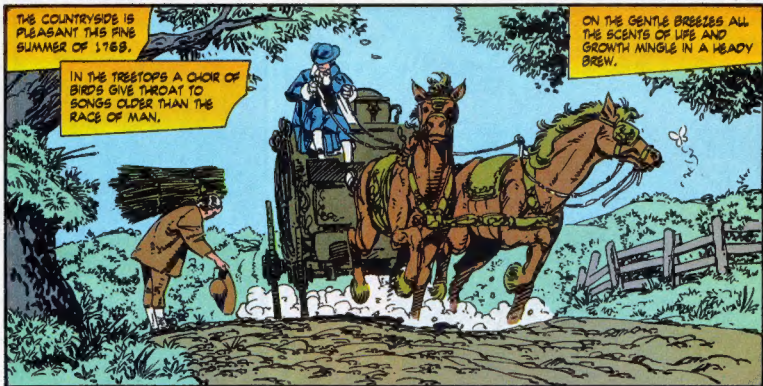


THE PROMISE OF SUPREME POWER.

THE COUNTRYSIDE IS PLEASANT THIS FINE SUMMER OF 1768.

IN THE TREETOPS A CHOIR OF BIRDS GIVE THROAT TO SONGS OLDER THAN THE RACE OF MAN.

ON THE GENTLE BREEZES ALL THE SCENTS OF LIFE AND GROWTH MINGLE IN A HEADY BREW.



NONE APPRECIATE SUCH THINGS MORE THAN THIS MAN, EDWARD, DUKE OF ALBION.

FIVE YEARS AGO HIS FAMILY PHYSICIANS DIAGNOSED THE PAIN THAT BURNS HIS LINGS AS CANCER, AND SAID HE HAD THREE YEARS TO LIVE.



EACH DAY OF THE LAST FIVE YEARS, THEN, WAS SEEMED A MIRACLE TO HIM...

...AND TO HIS BRIDE OF LESS THAN FIFTEEN MONTHS.

ARE YOU WELL, MY HUSBAND? I SEEM TO SEE A SADNESS IN YOUR EYES.

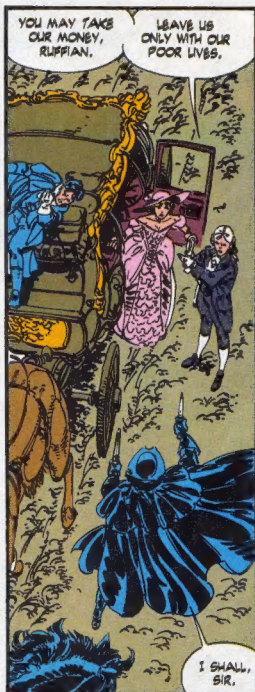
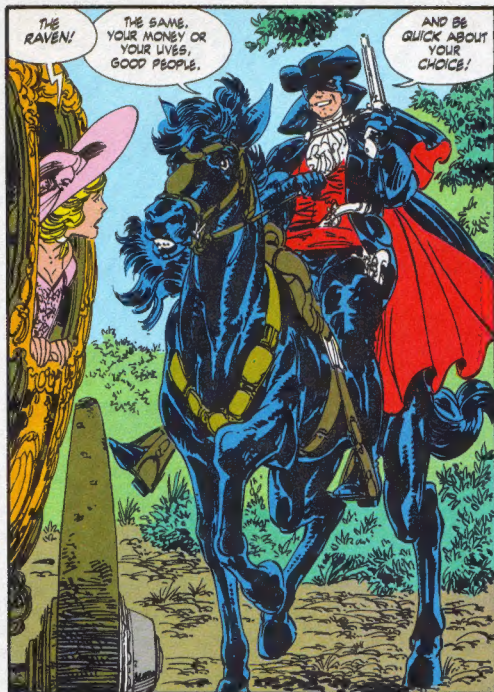


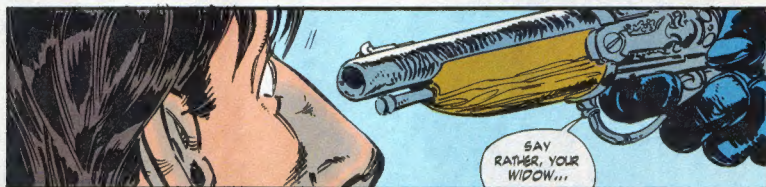
IT IS NOTHING, DARLING ELIZA, ONLY THE BEAUTY OF THE DAY THAT FILLS ME WITH A SWEET MELANCHOLY...

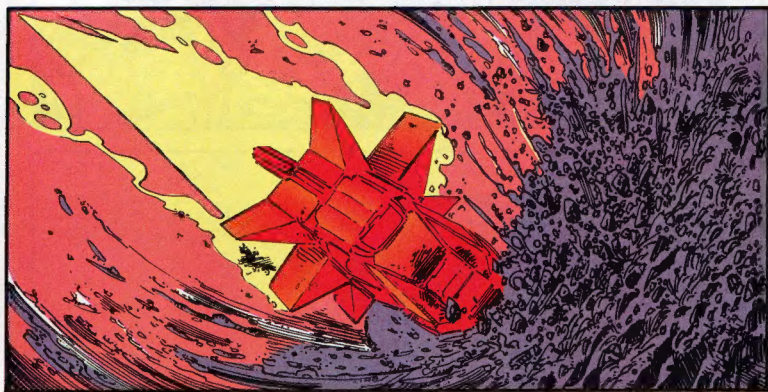
Bang!

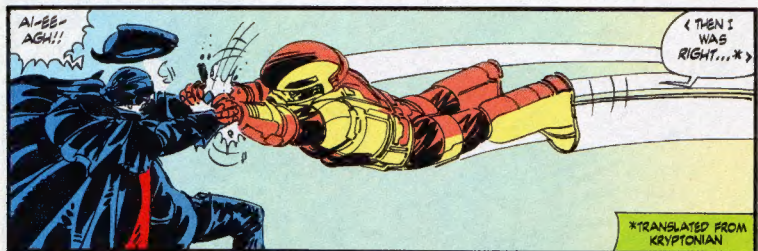
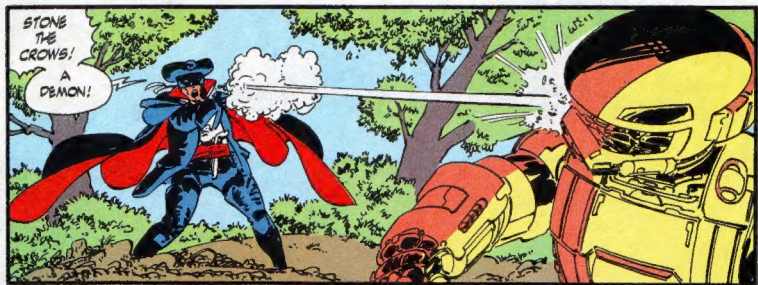
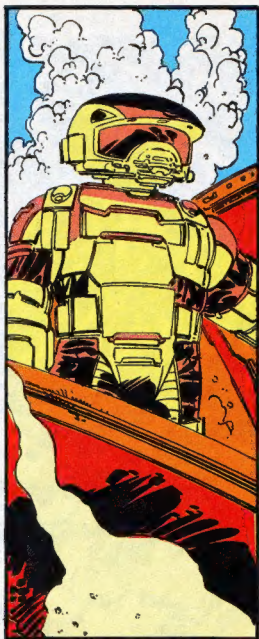
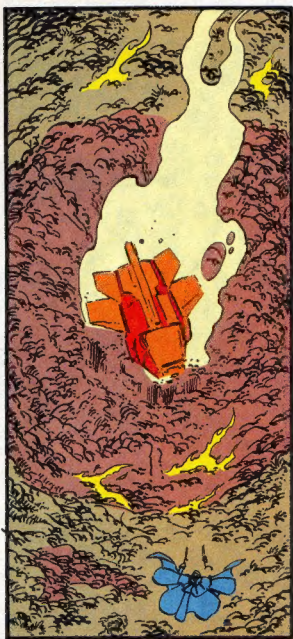
STAND AND DELIVER!

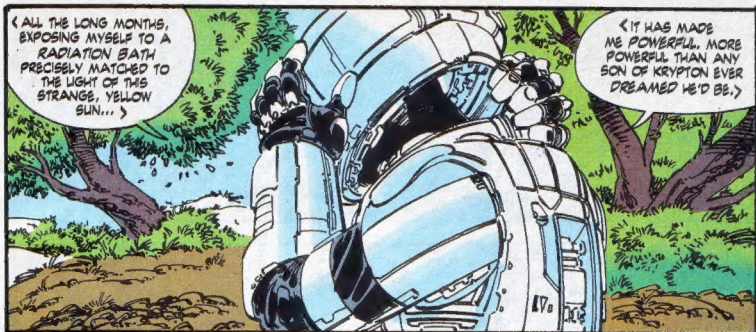






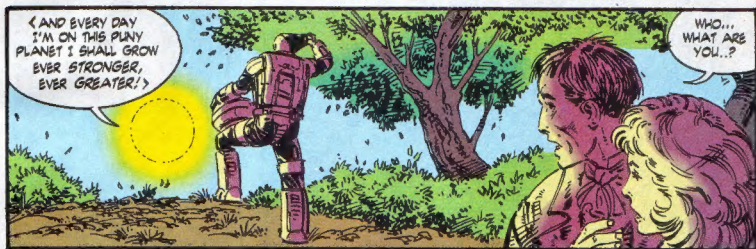






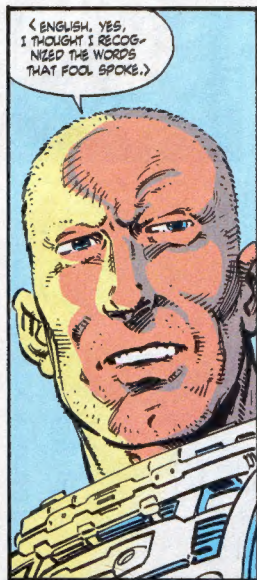
< ALL THE LONG MONTHS,
EXPOSING MYSELF TO A
RADIATION BATH
PRECISELY MATCHED TO
THE LIGHT OF THIS
STRANGE, YELLOW
SUN... >

< IT HAS MADE
ME POWERFUL, MORE
POWERFUL THAN ANY
SON OF KRYPTON EVER
DREAMED HE'D BE. >

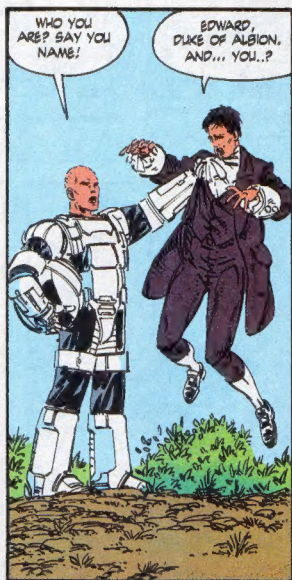


< AND EVERY DAY
I'M ON THIS PUNY
PLANET I SHALL GROW
EVER STRONGER,
EVER GREATER! >

WHO...
WHAT ARE
YOU...?



< ENGLISH. YES,
I THOUGHT I RECOG-
NIZED THE WORDS
THAT FOOL SPOKE. >



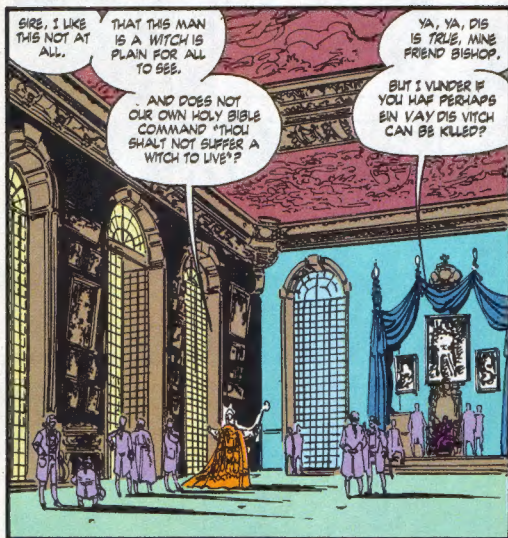
WHO YOU
ARE? SAY YOUR
NAME!

EDWARD,
DUKE OF ALBION.
AND... YOU...?



AM GAR-EL,
LAST SON OF
KRYPTON.

BUT I HAVE
ALREADY DECIDED
YOU OF EARTH SHALL
CALL ME...





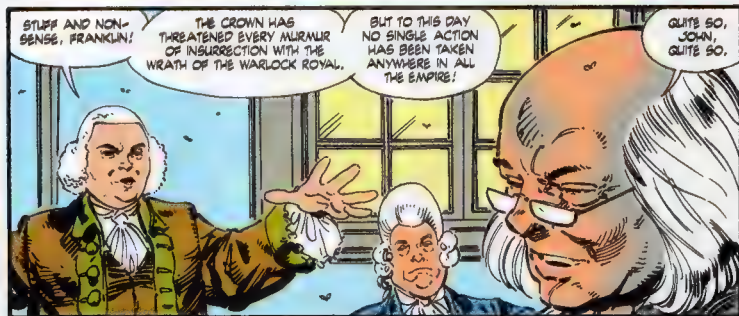
"...TO HELP YOU MAINTAIN ORDER."

IT SEEMS WE HAVE BUT ONE CHOICE, GENTLEMEN.



WE CAN HANG TOGETHER, OR WE CAN HANG SEPARATELY.

BUT OLD GEORGE IN ENGLAND IS QUITE DETERMINED THAT WE HANG,

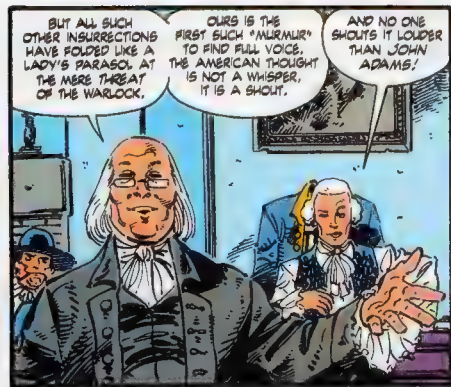


STUFF AND NON-SENSE, FRANKLIN!

THE CROWN HAS THREATENED EVERY MURMUR OF INSURRECTION WITH THE WRATH OF THE WARLOCK ROYAL.

BUT TO THIS DAY NO SINGLE ACTION HAS BEEN TAKEN ANYWHERE IN ALL THE EMPIRE!

QUITS SO, JOHN, QUITS SO.



BUT ALL SUCH OTHER INSURRECTIONS HAVE FOLDED LIKE A LADY'S PARASOL AT THE MERE THREAT OF THE WARLOCK.

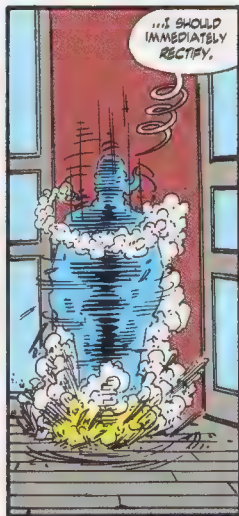
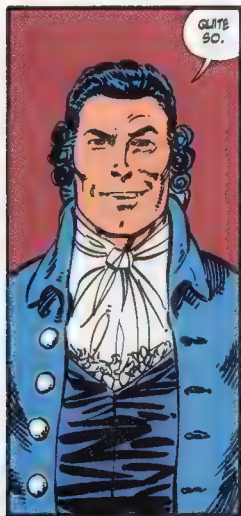
OURS IS THE FIRST SUCH "MURMUR" TO FIND FULL VOICE. THE AMERICAN THOUGHT IS NOT A WHISPER, IT IS A SHOUT.

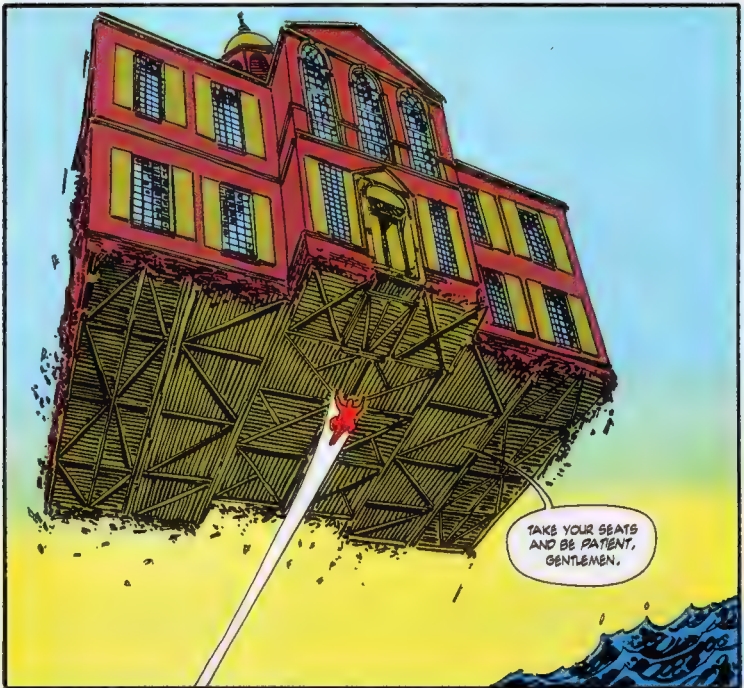
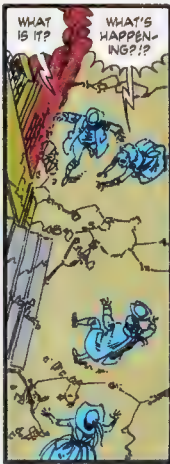
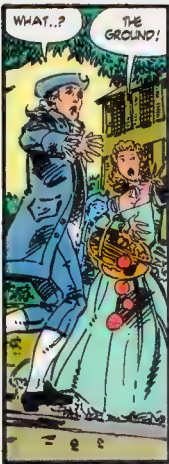
AND NO ONE SHOUTS IT LOUDER THAN JOHN ADAMS!



AND WHY NOT, SIR? IF NOT FOR THE FAMILY ADAMS THE NOTION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE WOULD STILL BE NOTHING MORE THAN LETTERS IN A NEWSPAPER!

THEN, MR. ADAMS...





"YOU MIGHT AS WELL ENJOY
YOUR RIDE TO THE GALLOWES."

"AND THAT WAS TWO HUNDRED
AND ELEVEN YEARS AGO."

JEFFERSON
FRANKLIN
HAWKOCK
ADAMS

IT WAS THE LAST
REBELLION BY ANY
CROWN COLONY. AND
NOW, OF COURSE, ALL
THE WORLD IS A CROWN
COLONY.

BECAUSE ALL THE
WORLD LIVES IN FEAR
OF THE SOVEREIGN,
OF MY GREAT-
GRAND-FATHER.

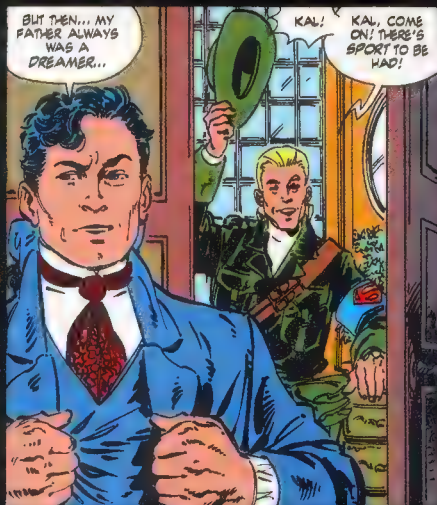
YOU SHOULD SAY THAT
WITH GREATER PRIDE
IN YOUR VOICE, YOUNG
MASTER KAL.

UNDER THE REIGN
OF THE WARLOCK
ROYAL WE HAVE HAD
TWO CENTURIES OF
TOTAL PEACE.

YES, I KNOW.
STILL... I FIND I
FEEL A CERTAIN...
DISCONTENTMENT.

SOMETIMES,
IN MY DEEPEST
DREAMS, I SEEM
TO SEE A WORLD
LIKE OURS...

...YET
DIFFERENT.

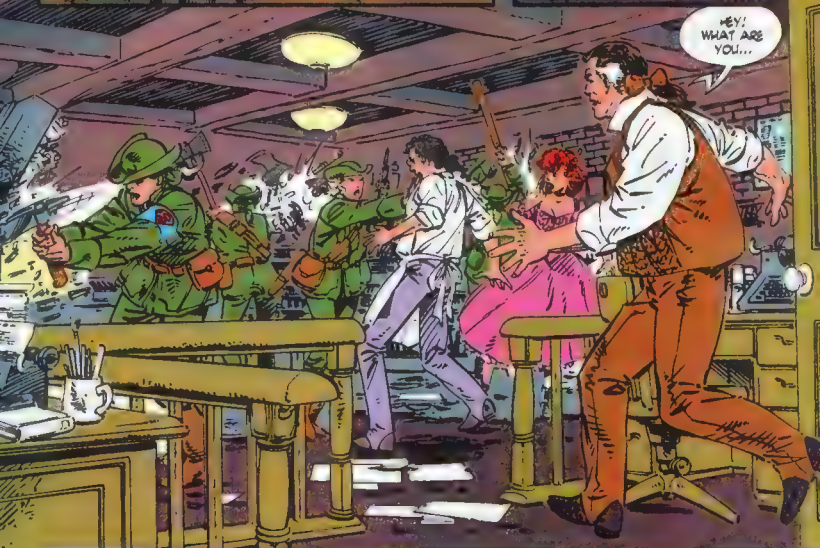


STILL IT IS,
MY LORD, AND WILL
BE SO LONG AS THE
EDITOR INSISTS ON
PRINTING SEDITION.

SEDITION? I'VE READ
IT. THERE'S NOTHING
THERE BUT WIND. NO ONE
CAN REALLY OPPOSE THE
SOVEREIGN.

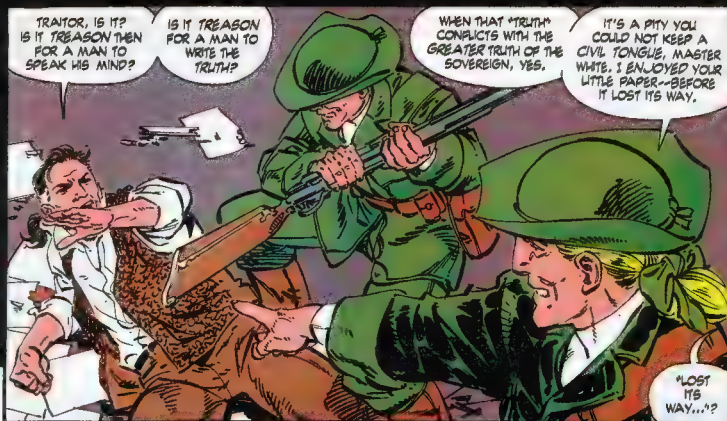
AND HE MEANS
TO KEEP IT THAT
WAY!

SOLDIERS!



THAT'LL BE
ENOUGH OUT
OF YOU,
TRAITOR!

UWH!



TRAITOR, IS IT?
IS IT TREASON THEN
FOR A MAN TO
SPEAK HIS MIND?

IS IT TREASON
FOR A MAN TO
WRITE THE
TRUTH?

WHEN THAT "TRUTH"
CONFLICTS WITH THE
GREATER TRUTH OF THE
SOVEREIGN, YES.

IT'S A PITY YOU
COULD NOT KEEP A
CIVIL TONGUE, MASTER
WHITE. I ENJOYED YOUR
LITTLE PAPER--BEFORE
IT LOST ITS WAY.

"LOST
ITS
WAY...?"

IF THERE'S ANY WAY
BEEN LOST, IT'S BY
THE LIES OF YOU AND YOUR
WORTHLESS FRIEND.



MEN WHO WOULDN'T
KNOW THE TRUTH IF IT BIT
THEM IN THE...

NOW, NOW,
PRETTY ONE!

IT WOULD BE
A SHAME TO SEE
HARSH HEMP MARK
THAT SMOOTH, WHITE
NECK.





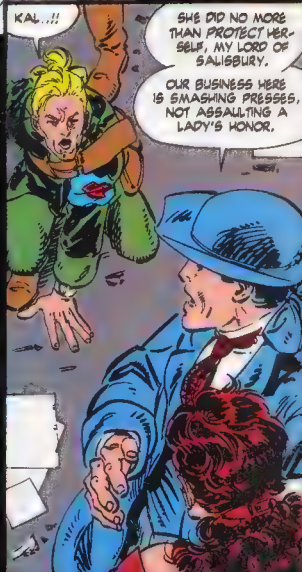
KEEP YOUR
HANDS OFF
ME!!



GUARDS!
SEIZE HER!



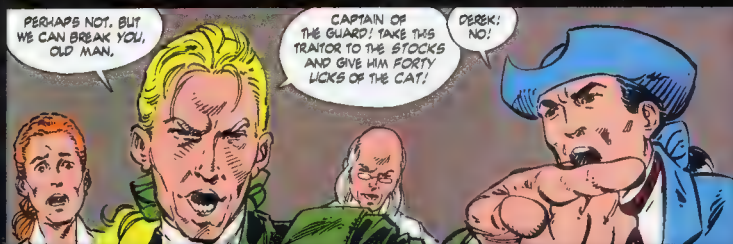
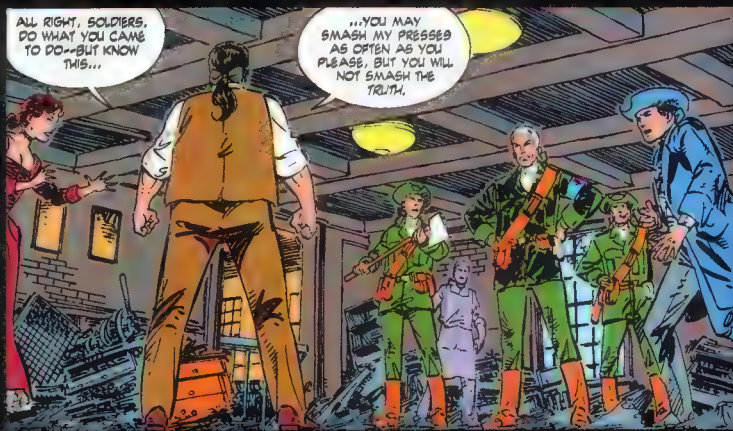
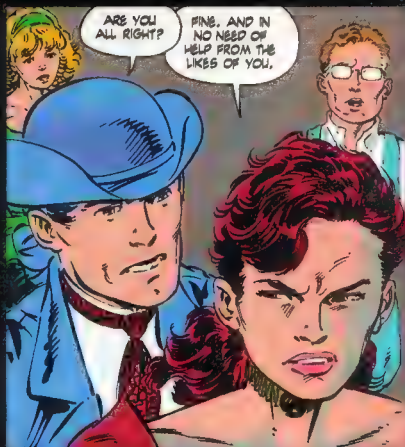
NO. LEAVE
HER BE!



KAL...!!

SHE DID NO MORE
THAN PROTECT HER-
SELF, MY LORD OF
SALISBURY.

OUR BUSINESS HERE
IS SMASHING PRESSES,
NOT ASSAULTING A
LADY'S HONOR.





KEEP OUT OF THIS, KAL-EL, GRANDSON OF THE SOVEREIGN YOU MAY BE, BUT YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO STAND AGAINST ME.

IF YOU'LL NOT LET ME HAVE MY WAY WITH YON MAIDEN...

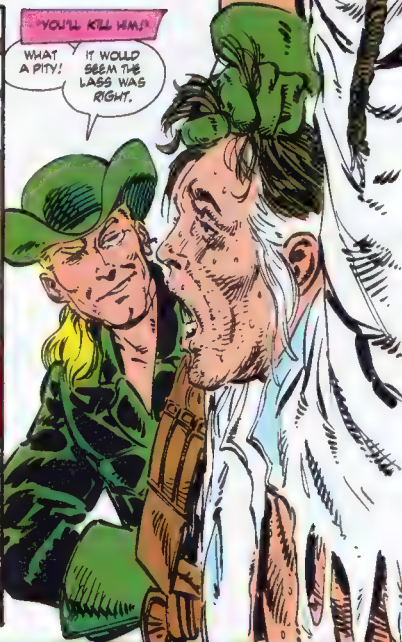


...IT'S THE OLD MAN WHO'LL PAY THE PRICE!

NO!

LET HIM GO!

HE CAN'T TAKE A WHIPPING!



YOU'LL KILL HIM!

WHAT A PITY!

IT WOULD SEEM THE LASS WAS RIGHT.



CUT THAT DOWN, SOLDIER, AND BURY IT SOMEWHERE.

MONSTER!



MISS...

AND YOU!





GOOD MORNING, GRAND-FATHER.

KAL-EL. WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I AM... TROUBLED, GRANDFATHER. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THREE DAYS GONE AT THE DAILY PLANET.

I KNOW EVERYTHING, KAL.

IT IS THE GREATEST BURDEN OF MY POWERS THAT NOTHING ESCAPES MY NOTICE.

IS IT A BURDEN, THEN? I WAS RAISED TO BELIEVE YOU LOVED ALL YOUR SUBJECTS AS THOUGH THEY WERE YOUR CHILDREN.

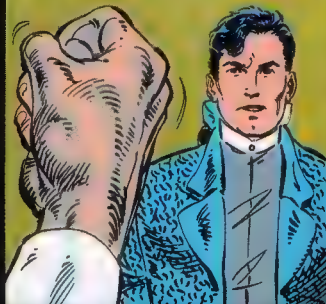
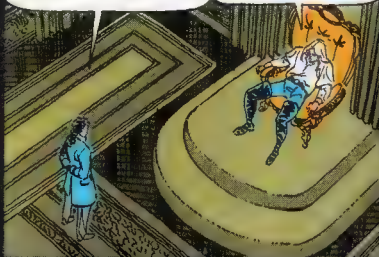
ONE OF THOSE 'CHILDREN' WAS FLOGGED TO DEATH FOR NO GREATER CRIME THAN SPEAKING HIS MIND.

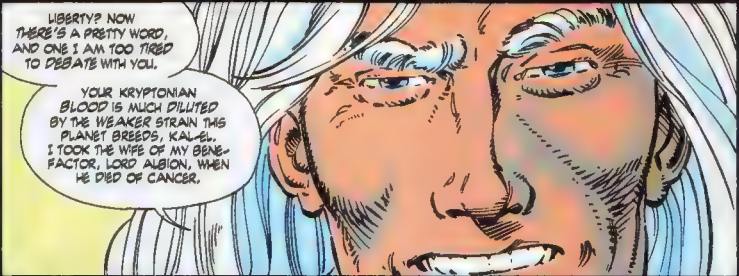
AND PEREGRINE WHITE WAS BUT ONE VOICE IN AN INCREASING MULTITUDE.

I CAME TO A PLANET RIFE WITH DISEASE, POVERTY, UNENDING PAIN AND SUFFERING.

I BROUGHT PEACE, IMPOSED ORDER.

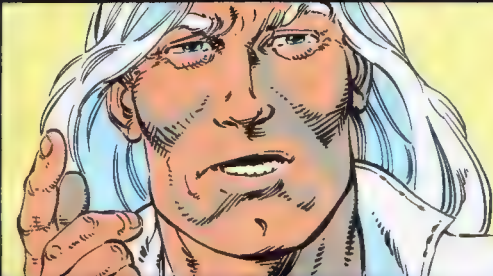
YES, BUT AT THE COST OF SO MUCH INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY.





LIBERTY? NOW
THERE'S A PRETTY WORD,
AND ONE I AM TOO TIRED
TO DEBATE WITH YOU.

YOUR KRYPTONIAN
BLOOD IS MUCH DILUTED
BY THE WEAKER STRAIN THIS
PLANET BREEDS, KAL-EL.
I TOOK THE WIFE OF MY BENE-
FACTOR, LORD ALBION, WHEN
HE DIED OF CANCER.



SHE BORE ONE SON,
THOUGH THE PROCESS
COST HER HER LIFE.

THAT SON TOOK
TO WIFE AN EARTHLING
FEMALE OF HIS OWN,
WHO ALSO PERISHED
IN THE DELIVERY OF
HIS SON.



BUT THE SON OF THAT
SON WAS BORN TO A MOTHER
WHO SURVIVED, FOR HIS
KRYPTONIAN BLOOD BY
THEN WAS WEAK.

NO
WISER.

AND SO IT WAS,
DOWN TO YOUR FATHER,
JOR-EL WAS NO STRONGER
THAN THE STRONG-
EST HUMAN, NO
FASTER.



AND YOU, KAL-EL,
ARE THE MOST
HUMAN OF THEM
ALL.

IT WOULD BREAK
MY HEART, SHOULD
THAT HUMANITY
PROVE YOUR
UNDOING.

I SHALL
BE CAREFUL,
GRAND-
FATHER.

THE PIG AND WHISTLE, OFF NEWGATE SQUARE.

ONE YEAR LATER...

SOMETHING FOR YOU, MY LORD?

ALE, AND SOME INFORMATION,

THERE'S ENOUGH OF BOTH TO BE HAD, SIR.

WHAT WOULD YOU BE WANTING TO KNOW?

I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN CALLED "L."

THEN YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG PLACE, MY LORD. WE ALL HAVE NAMES HERE, NOT LETTERS!

WAIT...

PLEASE... CAN ANYONE HELP ME? I MUST FIND THIS "L."



WAKE
HIM UP.



AWAKE, ARE
YOU, MY LORD?
AWAKE ENOUGH TO
FEEL IT WHEN WE
SLIT YOUR THROAT.

WAIT;

ARE YOU... PLEASE,
I MEAN NO HARM!
I ONLY NEED TO MEET
THIS MAN "L."

IT'S VITAL
THAT I SPEAK
WITH HIM.

AND WHAT
DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT "L"?





YOU! THE GIRL FROM THE DAILY PLANET.

AND "YOU!" THE PRINCELING WHO FANCES HIMSELF A PROTECTOR OF MAIDEN'S HONOR.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT "L"?



ONLY WHAT I'VE HEARD WHISPERED IN THE COURT. THERE IS A RISING TIDE OF REBELLION, AND THIS MAN "L" IS THE LEADER.

TRUE--FOR THE MOST PART. BUT WHAT OF IT? DO YOU THINK WE ARE SO FOOLISH THAT WE'D TAKE YOU TO "L"?

YOU, THE SOVEREIGN'S OWN GRANDSON?



I KNOW IT SOUNDS INSANE--BUT IF THERE WERE ONLY SOMETHING I COULD DO TO CONVINCE YOU I'M SINCERE.

ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN TROUBLED BY THE INEQUITIES OF THE SOCIETY MY GRANDFATHER HAS CREATED. I DREAM SOMETIMES OF HOW THE WORLD MIGHT HAVE BEEN IF HE HAD NEVER COME TO EARTH.



THAT'S A DREAM WE ALL SHARE!

AYE!

THEN LET ME HELP YOU! YOU MUST KNOW MY FATHER SPOKE OUT AGAINST THE RULE OF THE SOVEREIGN.

YES. OF ALL YOUR CURSED FAMILY, THE NAME OF JOR-EL ALONE IS SPOKEN WITH RESPECT BY THOSE OF US WHO CRAVE FREEDOM.

BUT HIS WORDS COST HIM HIS LIFE. WOULD YOU PAY SO GREAT A PRICE, KAL-EL?



IT'S NOT VERY MUCH
OF A CHOICE, IS IT?
I FIND I CAN NO LONGER
LIVE WITH THE WORLD AS
IT IS.

ALL RIGHT,
THEN, IF YOU ARE
SINCERE, THERE IS
A WAY YOU CAN
PROVE IT.

BETTER TO DIE FIGHTING
TO MAKE IT BETTER, THAN
ALONE AND BY MY OWN
HAND.

WE HAVE HEARD STORIES OF A
SECRET YOUR GRANDFATHER
HIDES IN THE DUNGEONS...



I WISH
YOU HADN'T
COME.

SOMEONE HAD
TO, TO BE SURE
YOU ARRANGED NO
TRICKS.

NOW, WHERE
IS THIS
ROCK?

BEHIND THIS DOOR.
WHEN I WAS A BOY MY
GOVERNESS WOULD SOME-
TIMES BRING ME DOWN
HERE IF I WAS BAD.

SHE SAID THERE
WAS A ROCK INSIDE
THIS ROOM THAT
COULD KILL ME, KILL
ANYONE FROM
KRYPTON.

HOW DO
WE OPEN THIS
DOOR?



LIKE
THIS...

ΔΓ?!

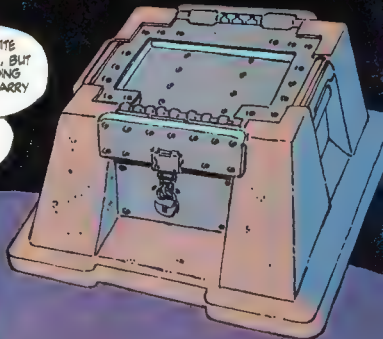
CHUNK Kreeek

WHAT WAS THAT?

THE KRYPTONIAN WORD FOR "OPEN." MY FATHER TAUGHT ME KRYPTONIAN, AS DID HIS FATHER BEFORE.

THE ROCK IS QUITE SMALL YOU SAID, BUT WE'RE NEVER GOING TO BE ABLE TO CARRY THIS BOX.

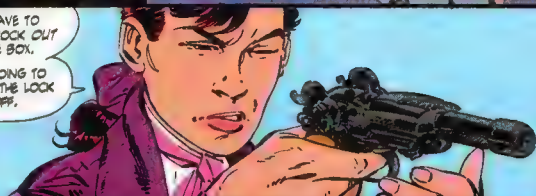
YOU'RE SURE THIS ROCK CAN'T HURT ME?



NO. JUST KRYPTONIANS. WHY?

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE ROCK OUT OF THE BOX.

I'M GOING TO SHOOT THE LOCK OFF.



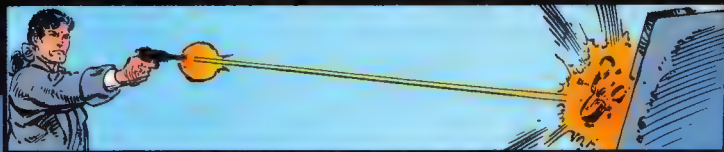
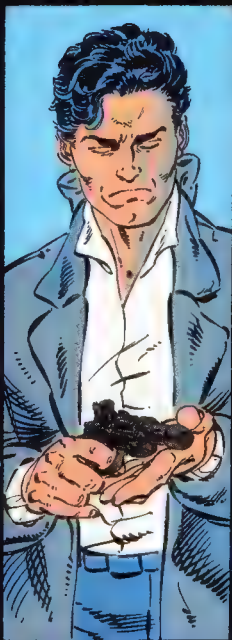
NO! WEREN'T YOU LISTENING? THAT ROCK CAN KILL ME!

YES? AND DID YOU NOT SAY YOU WERE PREPARED TO DIE FOR THE CAUSE?



PROVE IT.







YOU DON'T LOOK
LIKE YOU'RE
DYING TO ME,
KAL-EL

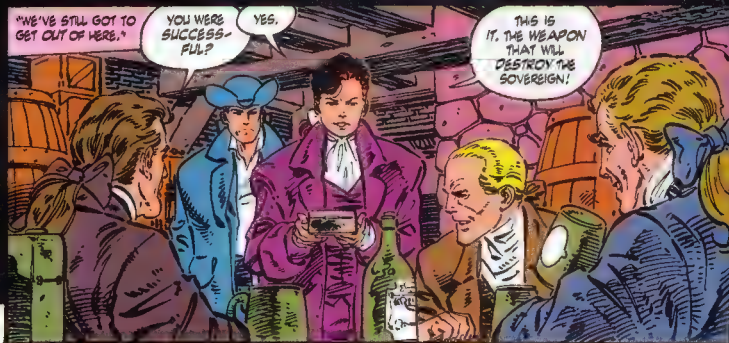
NO...
I FEEL
FINE.



IT... IT MUST BE MY
HUMAN BLOOD. I'M THE
TENTH GENERATION TO
BE BORN ON EARTH.

KRYPTONITE
CAN NO LONGER
HARM ME!

SAVE THE
CELEBRATION.



"WE'VE STILL GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE."

YOU WERE
SUCCESS-
FUL?

YES.

THIS IS
IT. THE WEAPON
THAT WILL
DESTROY THE
SOVEREIGN!

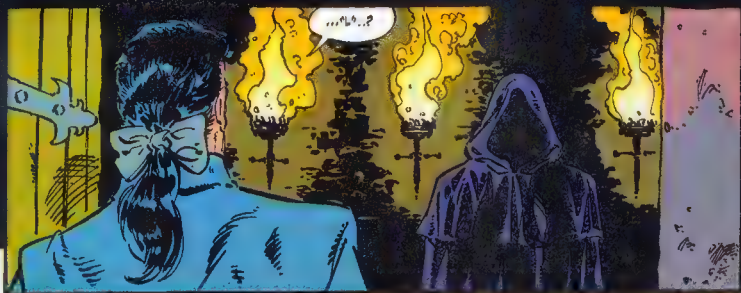


A
ROCK!

AMAZING!

AND NOW...
DO I GET TO
MEET "L"?

YES.
GO THROUGH
THAT DOOR.



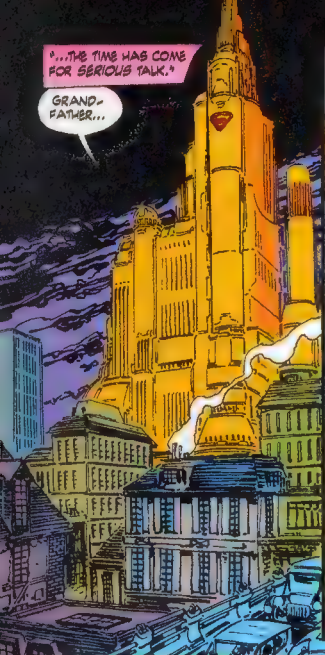
"...THE TIME HAS COME
FOR SERIOUS TALK."

GRAND-
FATHER...

KAL!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE AT
THIS TIME OF
NIGHT?

I'VE COME TO
TALK TO YOU,
GRANDFATHER.

I'VE COME TO
ASK YOU TO LET
THE PEOPLE OF THE
EARTH GOVERN
THEMSELVES.



OH, KAL! MUST
IT COME TO THIS?

THOSE VERY
WORDS COST
YOUR FATHER HIS
LIFE!

GUARDS!

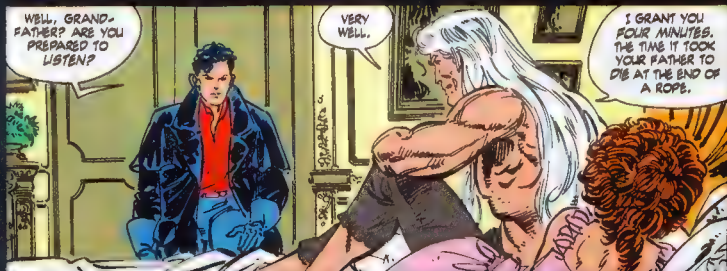
NO, GRANDFATHER!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
HAVE ME EXECUTED AS
YOU DID JOR-EL.

IF I AM TO DIE,
IT MUST BE BY
YOUR HAND.





MAJESTY! MAJESTY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT??



WELL, GRAND-FATHER? ARE YOU PREPARED TO LISTEN?

VERY WELL.

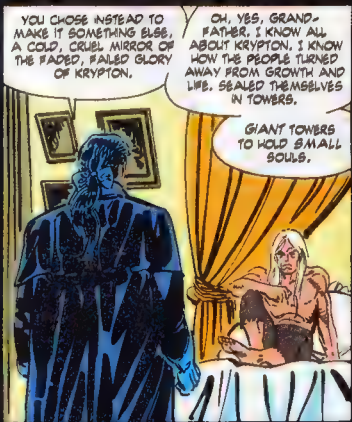
I GRANT YOU FOUR MINUTES. THE TIME IT TOOK YOUR FATHER TO DIE AT THE END OF A ROPE.



THEN THAT WILL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH... PROVIDED YOU TRULY LISTEN TO ME, GRAND-FATHER.

YOU CAME TO THIS WORLD MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. YOUR POWERS MADE YOU MASTER.

YOU COULD HAVE MADE THE WORLD A PARADISE.



YOU CHOSE INSTEAD TO MAKE IT SOMETHING ELSE, A COLD, CRUEL MIRROR OF THE FADED, FAILED GLORY OF KRYPTON.

OH, YES, GRAND-FATHER, I KNOW ALL ABOUT KRYPTON. I KNOW HOW THE PEOPLE TURNED AWAY FROM GROWTH AND LIFE. SEALED THEMSELVES IN TOWERS.

GIANT TOWERS TO HOLD SMALL SOULS.

YOU LEFT ALL
THAT BEHIND, GRAND-
FATHER. IT COULD HAVE
DIED WHEN KRYPTON
DIED.

BUT INSTEAD YOU
BROUGHT THE EMPTINESS
TO EARTH. YOU CAME TO
A WORLD ON THE BRINK
OF AN EXPLOSION OF
EXPLORATION AND
TECHNOLOGY.

AND YOU
CRUSHED
IT.

YOU SQUEEZED THE
LIFE AND WILL OUT
OF THE WHOLE WORLD,
AND WHEN SOME FEW
BRAVE SOULS DARE
SPEAK AGAINST
YOU.



...YOU
KILL
THEM.

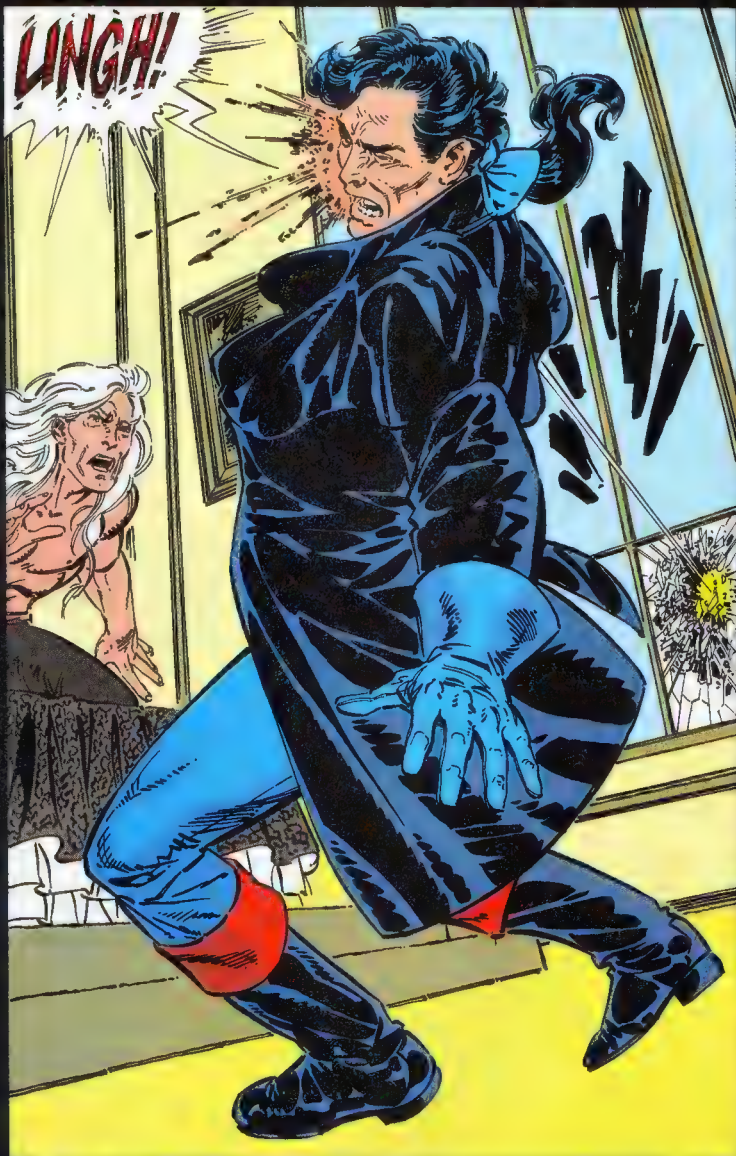


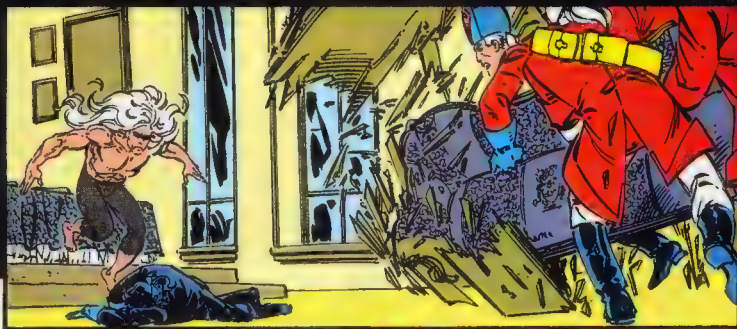
IS THIS THE
LEGACY OF
KRYPTON?

THE LEGACY
OF THE FAMILY
EL?

KAL-EL...



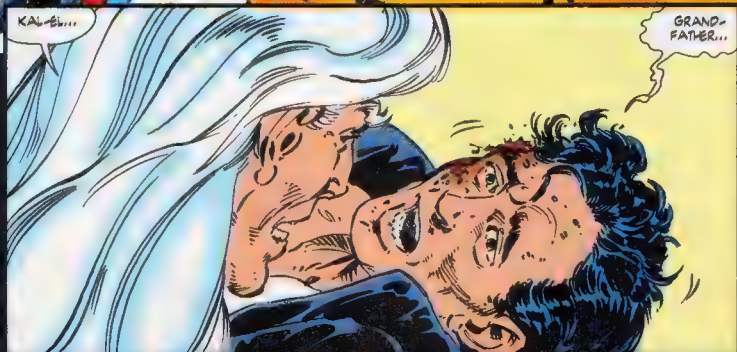




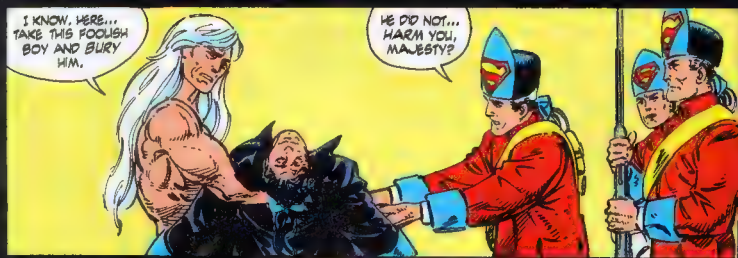
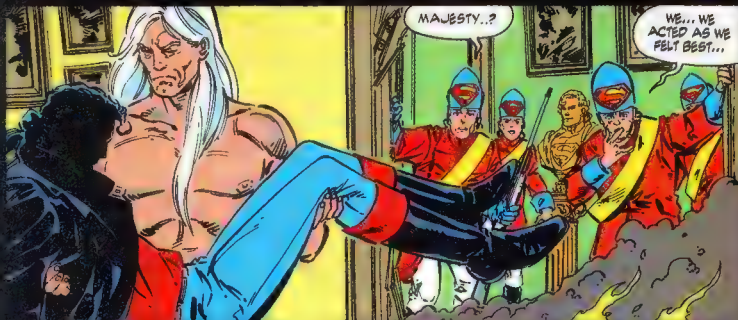
FOOLS!!

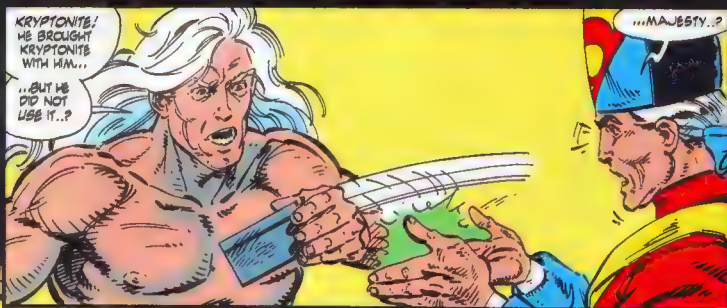
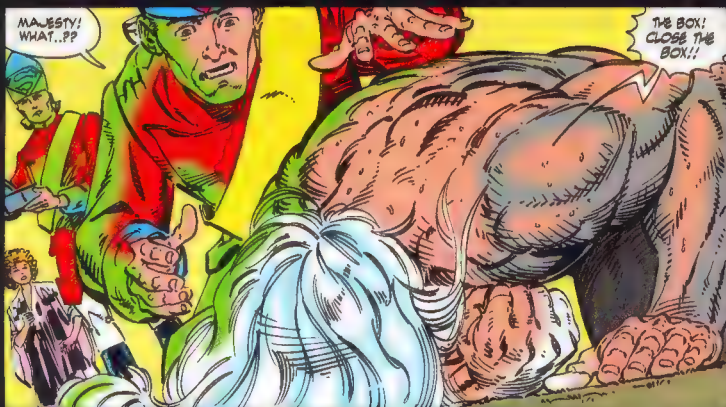


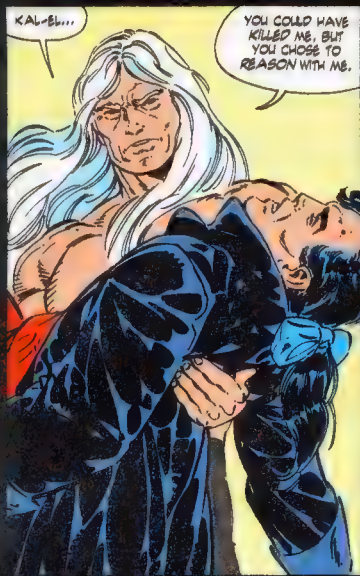
KAI-BA...



GRAND-FATHER...

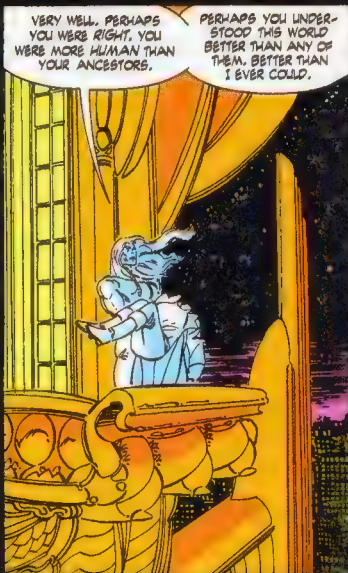






KAL-EL...

YOU COULD HAVE
KILLED ME, BUT
YOU CHOSE TO
REASON WITH ME.



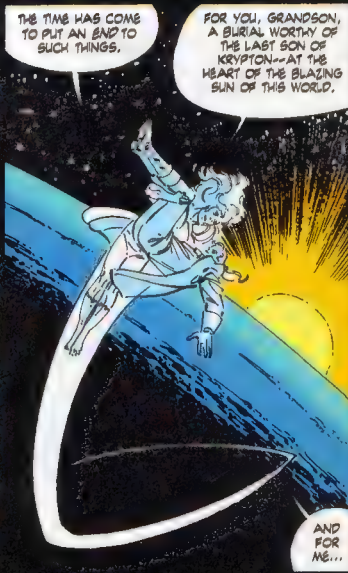
VERY WELL, PERHAPS
YOU WERE RIGHT. YOU
WERE MORE HUMAN THAN
YOUR ANCESTORS.

PERHAPS YOU UNDER-
STOOD THIS WORLD
BETTER THAN ANY OF
THEM. BETTER THAN
I EVER COULD.



YOU WERE RIGHT.
I RULE THIS WORLD ONLY
BECAUSE THE PEOPLE
FEAR ME.

THE PEACE I
HAVE IMPOSED IS
THE PEACE OF
THE GRAVE.



THE TIME HAS COME
TO PUT AN END TO
SUCH THINGS.

FOR YOU, GRANDSON,
A BURIAL WORTHY OF
THE LAST SON OF
KRYPTON--AT THE
HEART OF THE BLAZING
SUN OF THIS WORLD.

AND
FOR
ME...

THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL FIGHT TO PRESERVE THE SOFT LIVES THEY'VE HAD UNDER THE SOVEREIGN'S REIGN, BUT THEY ARE MERELY MEN--HUMAN.

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO US NOW, PATRIOTS.

IT IS OURS TO MAKE, IN OUR IMAGE, IN THE SHAPE OF OUR THOUGHTS AND HOPES.

LET US MAKE IT A GREAT FUTURE, FRIENDS.

A FUTURE WORTHY
OF THE BRAVE YOUNG
MAN WHO BOUGHT
IT FOR US--WITH HIS
LIFE!

*Freedom is nothing else but a
chance to be better...
enslavement is a certainty of
the worse.*

*Albert Camus
Resistance, Rebellion, and Death
(1960)*

Albert Camus
Resistance, Rebellion, and Death
(1960)

MIKE CARLIN
EDITOR

DOOMSDAY

FOR THE FIFTH DIMENSION!

IN THE
BEGINNING
THERE WAS
SPACE...
AND THE
ROCKET.

INSIDE WAS A
PRECIOUS
BUNDLE ON A
JOURNEY--HURLED
FROM THE
DOOMED PLANET
KRYPTON...

...TOWARD A FAR-
OFF PLANET
CALLED EARTH.

AN
ALSO
BY
979
TALE

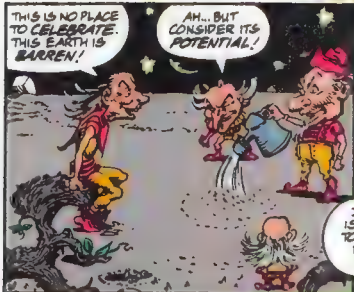
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ASSISTANT EDITOR: CHRIS DUFFY
ASSOC. EDITOR: FRANK PITTARESE
EDITOR: MIKE CARLIN

SUPERMAN created by
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

THE ROCKET,
HOWEVER, WAS
SIDETRACKED

IT WAS DRAWN
INTO A WORM-
HOLE WHERE IT
WHIRLED FOR
MANY YEARS...

...UNTIL IT
EMERGED TWO
DIMENSIONS
OVER.



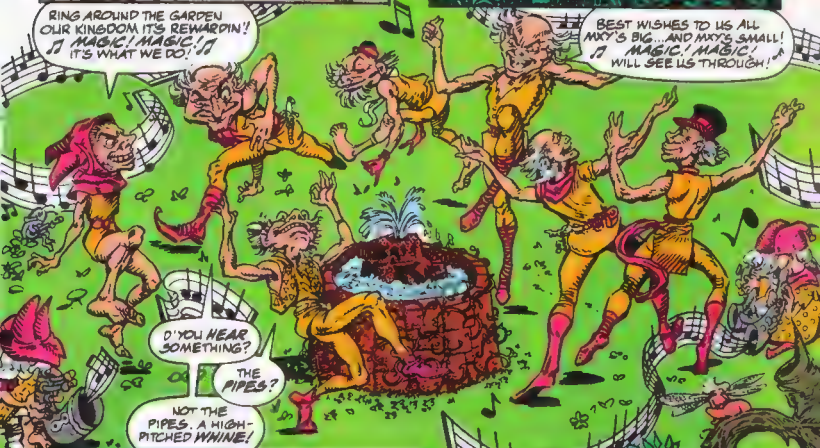
THIS IS NO PLACE TO CELEBRATE. THIS EARTH IS BARREN!

AH... BUT CONSIDER ITS POTENTIAL!

I GUESS IT IS OUR DUTY TO HELP IT BE WHAT IT COULD BE!



AND NOW-- MAESTROS. IF YOU WILL...?



RING AROUND THE GARDEN OUR KINGDOM IT'S REWARDIN'! MAGIC! MAGIC! IT'S WHAT WE DO!

BEST WISHES TO US ALL MXY'S BIG...AND MXY'S SMALL! MAGIC! MAGIC! WILL SEE US THROUGH!

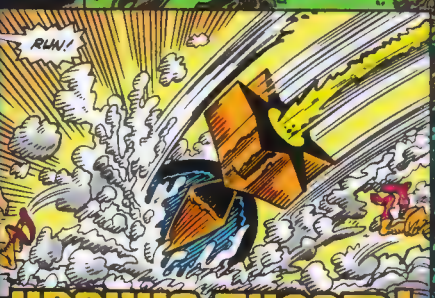
D'YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

THE PIPES?

NOT THE PIPES. A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE!

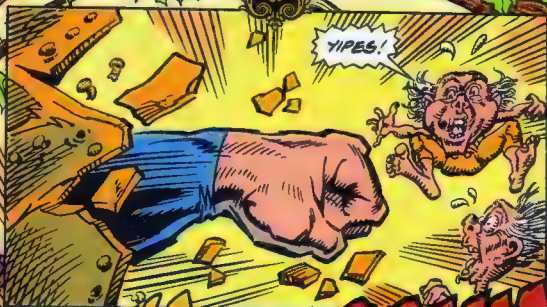
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMING FROM UP--

UH-OH!



RUN!

KRAKKA-THOOM!



CRACKA-DOOOOMM!

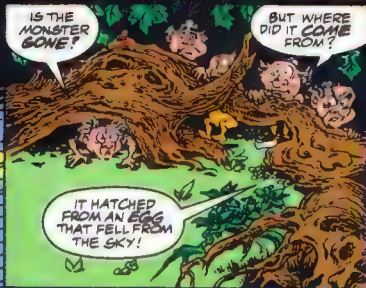
GRABTINGS!

A MONSTER!

IT'S DOOMSDAY!

RUN!

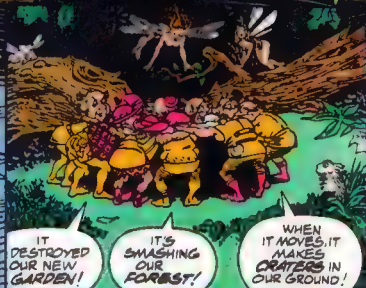




IS THE
MONSTER
GONE?

BUT WHERE
DID IT COME
FROM?

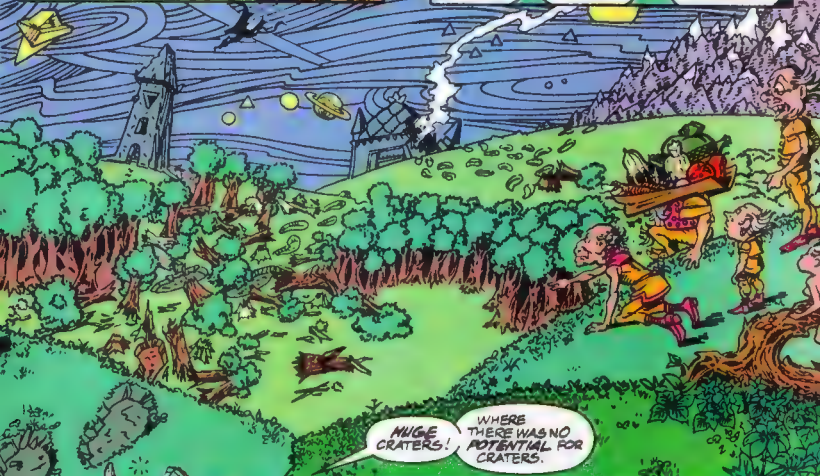
IT HATCHED
FROM AN EGG
THAT FELL FROM
THE SKY!



IT
DESTROYED
OUR NEW
GARDEN!

IT'S
SMASHING
OUR
FOREST!

WHEN
IT MOVES, IT
MAKES
CRATERS IN
OUR GROUND!



MUGE
CRATERS!

WHERE
THERE WAS NO
POTENTIAL FOR
CRATERS.

BUT THEN...
THERE WAS NO
POTENTIAL FOR
THE
MONSTER
EITHER!

SO WHAT
ARE WE
GONNA DO
ABOUT
IT?

FOR NOW,
JUST FOLLOW
HIM! OBSERVE
AND REPORT
BACK TO ME!

AND FILL
IN THESE
UGLY
HOLES!





Hello!

is Δn8φ8

OBSERVE?
HA! WHY DO I
ALWAYS GET THE
DANGEROUS
JOBS?

KRATHA
KK!

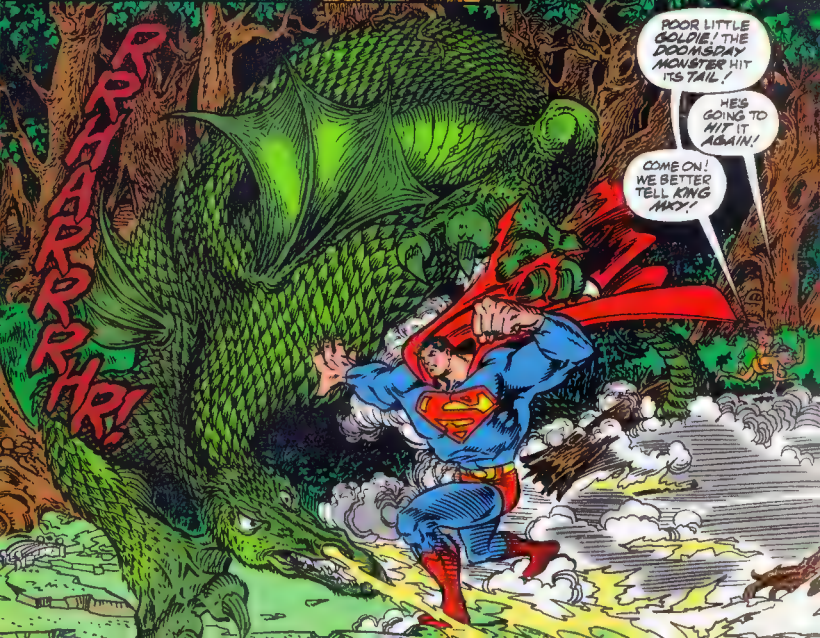
...He88!

88n!!



OUR
HOME!

THAT
MONSTER JUST
DESTROYED OUR
HOME!





THAT
MONSTER IS
DISGUSTING!

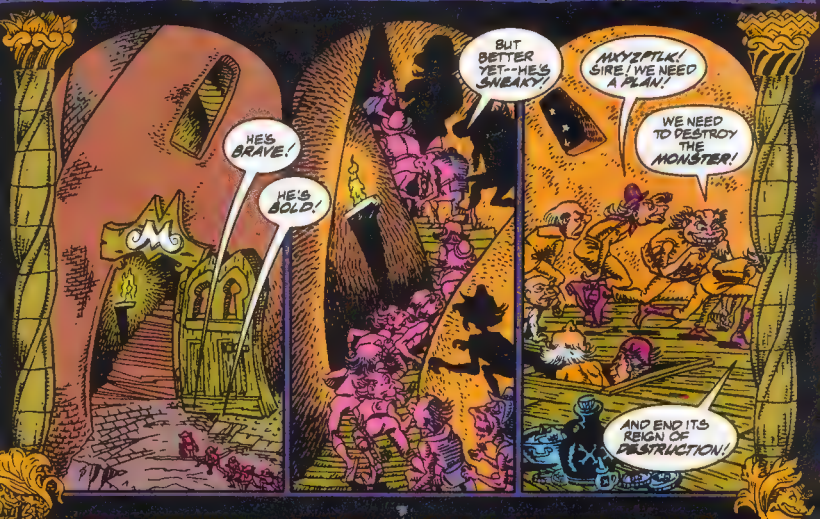
HE'S
MAKING A
MESS!

HE'S
PLAYING
TRICKS!

HE'LL
HURT LITTLE
GOLDIE!

WE HAVE TO
DO
SOMETHING!

LET'S ASK
KING
MXYZTLK!



HE'S
BRAVE!

HE'S
BOLD!

BUT
BETTER
YET--HE'S
SNEAKY!

MXYZTLK!
SIRE! WE NEED
A PLAN!

WE NEED
TO DESTROY
THE
MONSTER!

AND END ITS
REIGN OF
DESTRUCTION!

OR THIS WILL BE
THE END OF LIFE
AS WE KNOW IT IN
THE FIFTH
DIMENSION.

A
MONSTER,
YOU SAY?

BRING ME
MY
PUMPKIN!



PETER, PETER
PUMPKIN EATER
LISTEN TO YOUR
KING'S ENTREAT--
DO YOUR LITTLE
PUMPKIN SPELL
AND SHOW ME
WHAT HAS JUST
BEFELL!

INTERESTING!
OBSOLETELY THAT...
THING... IS NOT FROM
OUR UNIVERSE.

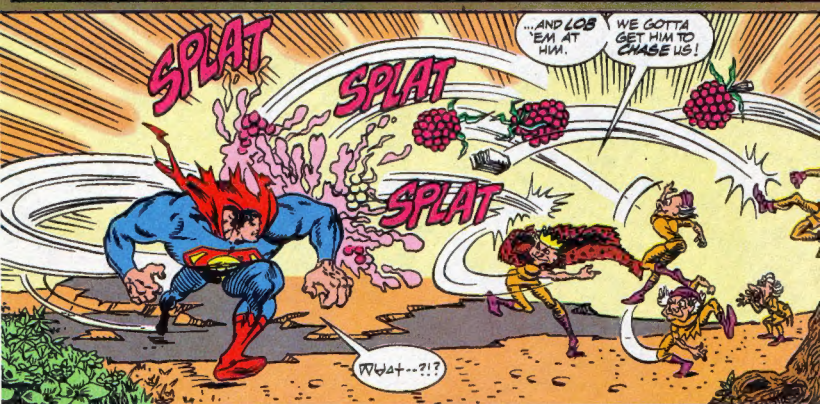
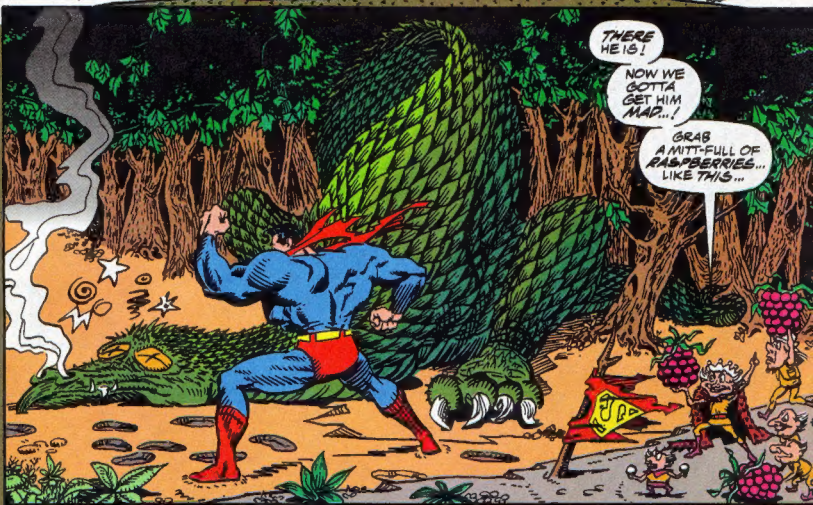
BUT
WHERE
THEN--?!!

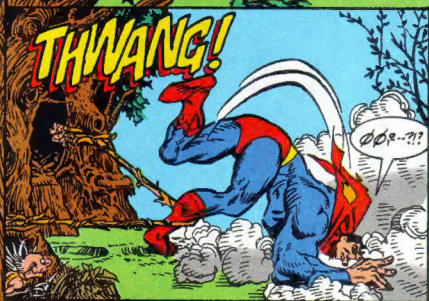
HE FELL THROUGH
THE WORMHOLE
AND NOW HE'S
HERE...

...PLAYING
HIS DEVILISH
TRICKS ON
US!

I CAN
TAKE 'IM,
BOSS!







HI HO! HI HO!
IT'S OFF TO EARTH YOU GO--
BRAINED AND CHAINED
AND MUCH CONSTRAINED
HI HO! HI HO!



I GOT A RIDDLE
FOR YOU! WHICH
CAME FIRST--THE
MONSTER OR THE
EGG?

IT
DOESN'T MATTER!
THEY'RE LEAVING
TOGETHER!
HA HA HA!

THE EGG IS
POSITIONED
ON THE
CATAPULT!

NOW
STUFF THE
MONSTER
BACK
INSIDE!

AND
SAY--



--BYE-BYE
DOOMSDAY!!



IN THE END
THE ROCKET
WAS GONE.

KING MXY'S GRATEFUL
SUBJECTS ERECTED A
MONUMENT TO THEIR
HERO...

...WHO HAD MASTER-
MINDED THE CAPTURE
AND REJECTION OF
THE DOOMSDAY
MONSTER.

AND SO IN THE FIFTH
DIMENSION, ALL WAS
ONCE AGAIN AS IT
HAD BEEN BEFORE.

ALMOST.